

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXIX.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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as second class matter.

The Ministry of Print.

Before me lies printed page,
With story rich and wisdom sage,
With earnest eye I look again,
And see not Words, but living men.

Transfigured fair in stately guise,
Bright spirits clad in flesh arise;
The mystic print in lifeless form,
Pulse with life-blood, vital warm.

Oh vision wondrous! words are souls
Unveiling self on written scrolls.
I read, and in communion sweet
Earth's wisest, purest, noblest, meet.
They think, and on the winged page
Wait truth to every land and age.
They speak, and millions far away
Can with them talk and praise and pray.

They write, and as the mirror gives
The face that in its brightness lives,
So mirrored in the glowing word,
Are souls illumined by their Lord.

Oh, mystic miracle, and blest,
That can from finite boundaries wrest
Imprisoned hearts, and set them free
To help and bless humanity.

Speed on thy way, thou winged sheet,
Infernal spirits through thee greet,
With messages of love and truth,
Advancing age and ardent youth.

Speed on! Thy ministry imparts
Counsel and joy to waiting hearts;
Thy wealth of life, thy treasured thought
With good to countless souls are fraught.
—New York Observer.

THE PHANTOM HORSE.

"Well, now, major," said one of the party in knickerbockers and golf stockings, "I would never have put you down as a believer in spooks."

The party here alluded to was a party of bicyclists gathered together in the hall of a roadside inn, which called itself "the hotel of the place," but owed its prosperity chiefly to the fact that there was no "place" to speak of thereabouts.

"What do you call spooks, young man?" asked the major in a leisurely way.

"A spook," drawled the doctor of the party, "may be defined as something at the bottom of a happening that never happened."

"That's funny enough," said the major, "and, of course, it lets me out. I don't believe in the existence of anything at the bottom of nothing."

"I thought not," said number one. "You don't look like a naturally timid man. Of course, I know that naturally timid people often make the best soldiers."

"And what has timidity to do with it?" said the major.

"Well, it's generally these nervous, tremulous folks who persuade themselves they have seen what you may call 'em, isn't it?"

"Is it?" said the major. "H'm! Well, since you don't think me an easily frightened and tremulous person, perhaps you may be the more ready to believe what I can tell you and"

"Go on, major!" was the general chorus.

"And can swear to, if"—

"Never mind the swearing," said the young woman in blue serge.

"I will tell you."

"But you will tell us, won't you?" the young woman gently pleaded.

"Very well, then. As you all know, I ride a wheel now on all occasions when a wheel is possible. Time was when I looked down upon bicycles—looked down on them from the back of a fine, bonny gray, about 16 hands—a beast that would take me four miles in half an hour at an easy fox trot or carry me straight across country at a gallop, without stopping to so much as wink at and ditch or fence that might occur on the way."

"Now, about that fox trot of Cruiskeen's—he was an Irish horse with an Irish name—there was a certain individuality which I learned by ear after a few months, just as you learn to know a familiar tune. If I had lent Cruiskeen to any of you, for instance, and you were bringing home a party of horse-back riders, I could instantly have distinguished Cruiskeen's trot among all the others. Now I want you to pay particular attention to that point."

"Well, one day—I was out west then—I was riding Cruiskeen along a bit of freshly made macadamized road, just as good and hard a bit of road as that I superintended myself. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and the sun was terribly hot."

"Just as I got to a clump of larches that had been planted along the road about two years before, I heard a horse coming along the

road—coming toward me. Cruiskeen had been at a walk, but when I heard the hoof beat of the other horse I spurred up, just out of curiosity, for there were few people about there who owned horses, and I knew all of them.

"So here was Cruiskeen trotting on toward the north, we'll say, and this other horse was cantering easily from the north, southward. I ought to have met the man on horseback in about a minute."

"But as we turned the corner by the clump of larches I was very much surprised to see—nothing."

"There wasn't a sign of man or beast anywhere on that road."

"At the same time the easy canter turned into a trot."

"Echo, of course," the doctor suggested.

"Doctor," said the major sadly, "did you hear me say I could wear to Cruiskeen's trot anywhere, or were you asleep when I said that? And was the canter also the echo of Cruiskeen's trot?"

"Well, let me finish. While I was wondering at the strangeness of the thing, knowing that there was no other road where a horse's trot would sound like that within leagues, Cruiskeen suddenly shifted to one side of the road, and shied so violently as to throw me clear out of the saddle."

"Luckily I was not seriously hurt only a little bruised. And Cruiskeen, being a good, affectionate beast, would not gallop away and leave me. He wanted to, poor fellow. He was looking away along the road in the direction he had come from, neighing violently, with his eyes staring. I never saw a quadruped such a picture of fright in all my life."

"As soon as I could get my senses together I could distinctly hear the invisible horse trotting away. It had passed on and the hoof beats were getting fainter and fainter."

"You see," said the young man who had first started the conversation, "that was an Irish horse. Irish horses are like Irish humans—imaginative."

"That only accounts for Cruiskeen's shying, Mr. Pecks," said the blue serge young woman, "not for the major's hearing the hoof beats. And the major isn't Irish; he is!"

"Pennsylvania Dutch, young lady," said the major. "Now, if the company wants to hear the rest of that story, or the sequel, if you like, why, just wait till I light this cigar."

"Light lamps and forward!" came in chorus from all parts of the hall. "The sequel, my incredulous friends, was the discovery of a murder," said the major, in his most matter-of-fact manner.

"Yes, a murder. Cruiskeen could hardly be got to go any farther, but I had business to attend to at the post, and that was still four miles away."

"Considering how incredulous all you civilians are. I need hardly tell you that the fellows at the post would not easily have swallowed a story like mine. Some would have called it sunstroke; some might even have hinted at intoxicating liquors, an insinuation which I could not have borne. So I said nothing about the matter at headquarters. I simply transacted my business, mounted Cruiskeen again and turned his head homeward."

"When we came to that clump of young larches, poor Cruiskeen began to tremble. I was obliged to dismount and lead him by the bridle."

"We had passed the spot where Cruiskeen had shied on the way to the post when he gave a jerk at the bridle and pulled back. Then I knew that I had found something—a trail."

"All I could see when I stopped to look at the bank of the drain was a mark, as if some one had kicked the earth away with the heel of a boot. But that was enough."

"Well, I needn't give you all the details of my search. Somehow I felt that I was looking for blood trails, but I found no blood. I only found the branches broken and bent, making a trail right into the middle of the clump. And at last I found the body."

"Yes, the poor fellow had not been dead 24 hours. He had been

shot right through the head. He had an empty revolver holster on his belt, and he wore spurs on his boots."

"The question was, Where was the horse?"

"Cruiskeen and I solved that mystery too. The murderer, fearing that a horse coming riderless to the next farm, or, still more, to the settlement farther on would arouse suspicion, had killed the horse, too, and, with the assistance of some accomplice, had dragged its dead body through the rail fence, evidently removing two rails for the purpose."

"That was a curious coincidence, I suppose, doctor?"

"Did they catch the murderer?" the young woman asked.

"I am sorry to say, my dear young lady," said the major, "that the murder was traced to an enlisted man of my own regiment, and it came out that his wife, a half-breed Indian, had suggested the crime and helped him in it. The victim was a young drug drummer."

"Then the whole party lighted up and wheeled home to the city.—Troy (N. Y.) Times

WHY NOT BE CURED.

Nowadays it is the fad for the Deaf, no matter what the cause of deafness, to get "cured." Many have and are still being cured by thunderbolts, falling 16 stories in Chicago and New York, "lifted" off the railroad track, off the Brooklyn Bridge, etc., etc., in divers ways. But, alas! the cure was too late to avail them on this earth, and their happiness is supreme in another world.

Still when a quarter blank page advertisement appears in the daily newspaper, it always finds hundreds eager and willing to bite at its claims as to curing deafness. These hundreds and sometimes expectant parents (rather misled), are joyful when the "greatest doctor of the century" tells them he is surprised to find their ears in good condition. He's no doubt been a long time coming, as this is the last year of the century. It is a pity that the 20th century didn't begin a couple of weeks ago. They bite at his "words of wisdom," and usually eat them down, to the doctor's joy and later to their disgust.

So when one among ourselves bites and falls to "eat it down," the fact is worth chronicling as a warning and lesson for others. I have asked him to write his story down and give it to the readers of the JOURNAL in order that they may not be misled. His story follows:—

"Two weeks ago, several of my friends went to Carnegie Hall, and then told me that a Dr. Wilson was a great doctor. They thought the doctor was all right, and could cure me permanently. Before they told me of the wonderful cures, I had heard of them through ads in the daily newspapers, and would not believe in the doctor with my whole heart and soul. I knew it was impossible for him to make me hear, because my ear-drums were wholly destroyed when I was four years old, from the effects of scarlet fever. I had a warm dispute with my friends. Finally one of them wrote a note to Dr. Wilson, and in it he said:

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I have three friends—two mutes—and one who lost hearing and speech when young through fever. This one I refer to can speak a little now. I told them of your ad. in papers, and they laughed at it. One of them said he would give you \$100 if you could fix him up so as he could hear. What answer will I give him?" Yours truly, ———"

"To my surprise, an answer from Doctor Wilson was received on the same day the note was written. * * * We have no objection to accepting his \$100. Let him come and see me. Dr. X."

"One day last week, I went to the Doctor's office, knowing that it would be no good to try on me, and I was right. A few moments later, Doctor came in the office, and a lady went to him, saying that her child, aged four years, was deaf. He tried to make the child hear, and failed. He told the lady that it was of no use to try on her child, and to wait till it grew older. The lady went home downhearted with her poor deaf child. Then he came

to me, and shook hands with me warmly, as if he were my old friend. He was nice to me at that time, but I knew I could not be fooled. While conversation by writing was progressing, I showed him a clipping from the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. The doctor said the paper was greatly mistaken in saying that he could cure deaf-mutes in one treatment, which the paper failed to prove. He did not say so in one treatment, but in several treatments they would be all right. He had no time to write more and took me to another room. He tried an instrument on one of my ears, and I could not hear. The instrument looked like a bicycle air-tube(?) I suspected he got it from a bicycle factory and wanted to make people believe the instrument was a new one. I could not help suspecting, because it looked like one. Then he tried another instrument on me. I was not careful to think of the second instrument, but I could say to him that I did not hear. He did not agree with me, and said I did hear. He was very much surprised my ear-drums were still in good condition. This did not frighten me at all, as I knew better. He was greatly satisfied after examining my ears and gave me a list of prices:

1 treatment.....	\$5 00
5 treatments.....	15 00
10 treatments.....	25 00
25 treatments.....	50 00
50 treatments.....	100 00

"The doctor advised me to pay him \$50 for 25 treatments. He could surely cure me permanently and I would hear everything or money refunded. I was still doubtful, because I knew he could get some of the money in some other way if he failed to cure me. Doctor wanted to stay for an hour or so and would show me several deaf-mutes that have permanently been cured. I told him he need not show them to me and to please give me their names. If I recognized one deaf-mute out of hundreds in the book, I would believe he could make deaf-mutes hear, but he refused to let me see his book. I told him there were about 2000 mutes in the city and vicinity, and that I meet a good number daily and have failed to learn that one of them has been cured. The doctor wanted to know why I should not try him if I did not feel satisfied with him, and I must remember that if he failed to cure me he would give me my money back. However, I told him I would rather have him give me free treatment in the presence of an audience in his lecture hall. Doctor said he could not, because very many applicants also wanted free treatment. I was angry and offered to bet him \$100 and \$50 for 25 treatments guarantee that he could never cure me. Poor Doctor said he never bet in his life. Oh, my! he was too good to bet."

"I told my friends that those who could speak (those hard of hearing) and never attended deaf-mute schools, could sometimes be cured, but with my case it was different. The writers of testimonials in the papers were not known to me, and they all can speak and hear. Of course I feel confident they have been cured all right, because they are not in my class."

I. BROCKMAN.

The object of this letter is not to injure the business of the doctor mentioned, nor to prevent any of the deaf among ourselves from testing and paying the doctor for his services. On the other hand they are free to do their will—but it is evident that the deaf do not stop to consider the causes, nor to heed the words of eminent but humble doctors, their family physicians and specialists, who told them years ago that it was incurable. This is rather intended to warn the "easily led," the half-intelligent who do not understand grammar easily and are apt to fall into the wiles of technicalities in written guarantees, notes, etc. If you must test all these cures for deafness by "greatest doctors of the century," pray do so in company with an intelligent deaf friend (never a hearing one). Rather would you pay \$500 to an intelligent deaf-mute to accompany you than to lose \$50.00 through a technicality in the writing employed, which you are unable to comprehend."

And there are others and others—the woods are literally full of them.

R. E. MAYNARD.

A NERVE TRYING JOB.

THE MANY WOES THAT HAUNT THE STREET CAR CONDUCTOR.

"Oh, yes, I've got time to talk with you—lots of time," replied the street car conductor, with a nod and a smile. "I've just got a lay off for three days, and I'm not pressed for time. Told a lady to 'step lively,' and she got me this lay off to pay for it."

"Now, see here," continued the man, "the public sees only one side of this question. I see complaints in the papers every day about conductors, and while some of them may be justified, it's a one-sided affair. You can't name a public position which tries a man like running a car. The public doesn't seem to know that he is bound to observe and obey certain rules and regulations or off goes his head. He has got to make time with his car or he will confuse the whole system. He is responsible for his motorman, he is constantly making change, and he must be ready at certain points with his transfer tickets. It's a physical and mental strain with no let up, and it's a blessed relief when his car makes its trip out."

"Just you watch out a bit as to passengers. Nobody is in a hurry. An elevated train will take on 30 people to a car while we are taking on five. The fat and the lame and the blind travel by surface cars. Nine women out of ten will look the whole length of a car before stepping up. The mother with three or four children is sure to turn up at every fifth corner. Men and women on crutches use the car hourly. You find yourself getting behind time and call out, 'Step lively, please!' To some man or woman who seems purposely slow, and the next thing you know you are reported for 'impudence.'"

"A woman gets on and asks me to 'please stop' at a street 30 blocks away. I try to remember it, but if I fail there is a row. A woman rides three blocks and finds she has taken the wrong car, and you can bet your life she puts all the blame on me. A half drunken man falls as he gets off, and half the passengers are ready to declare it is my fault. There are men and women who will seek to beat a conductor out of the fare, and there are men and women who will force him to change a bill when they have plenty of silver. On my soul, I do believe that nine-tenths of the street car patrons are always ready for a row with the conductor."

"The other day I kept tab on the number of questions asked me on my various trips. These were outside questions and asked by strangers to the city, and the number was 107. Every conductor must be a sort of city guide, you know, and you will find most of them well posted and willing to impart all information. A favorite expression of those who complain of us is that we are expected to watch out for our passengers. That is true. It is also true that three out of five passengers appear helpless and to need looking after. I'd be glad to help women and children and the lame and halt and aged on and off, but I happen to have a few other things to see to. The motorman is at the brake, but I'm running the car. If he's not on time, I get the blame. If he's had an accident, I'm hauled up with him."

"Just take your station on the rear platform of a car and start out. You must have transfer tickets and change. Your register must be set. If your motorman is in bad temper, so much the worse. He'll stop short or stop long or not at all, and the first thing you know half a dozen passengers are blessing your eyes. Six or seven people may get on at once, but if you miss a fare there'll be a spitter to report you."

"You must be looking out for those who want to get off. On almost every trip you'll have a passenger with an old transfer ticket, a Canadian dime or a counterfeit nickel. If not, then it

will be some half drunken fellow who is aching for a row. You may have your pocket picked or your watch taken. If the car bump into a truck, the motorman fold his arms takes it easy, but you must get names and all that and write out a report. If you pass a woman wanting a car, she'll report you. If you take her up and she has to stand up, she'll blame you."

"Do the best you can, and let luck be with you ever so slick, and you'll have a day of it to tire you out mentally and physically. You'll get into the barn on your last trip feeling mad and banged up but glad it's over with, and you'll be mighty lucky to get off with that. Some one has lost money on your car, or some one has complained that you were uncivil, or you are a nickel behind the register, and you get a wizing to help along the nightmare which comes as you finally tumble into bed."

"Yes, the public have rights," sighed the conductor as he finished and rose to go, "and I'm agreed with the people who write to the papers, no matter what their complaint, but if you happen to know of any job in a sawmill please put me on, and I'll take it kindly of you. I shan't be particular about the wages. What I'm looking for is an easy push!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

ST. LOUIS.

The Rev. Job Turner was in St. Louis, Dec. 7th-10th, inclusive. It was his first visit to this city in eleven years. He came by special invitation to take part in the Gallaudet Day exercises which were held on the evening of December 8th, at St. Thomas' Mission. The selection of Rev. Mr. Turner as the chief speaker at this celebration was very appropriate, as he knew Gallaudet personally and was a former pupil of Clerc. Before the exercises began it was necessary to adjourn to a larger hall, as the attendance, always large on such occasions, far exceeded expectations. Rev. Mr. Turner gave his personal recollections of Gallaudet, Clerc, Peet, and other prominent persons identified with the early history of deaf-mute education in America, and also of public men whom he has known. His address was very well received, and at its conclusion the opportunity for old friends to greet him and new friends to meet him was fully improved. On the following Sunday Rev. Mr. Turner preached at St. Thomas' Mission, both morning and afternoon, to large congregation. While in the city he visited the Day School and entertained the pupils with one of his characteristic speeches.

The literary programme of the December Gallaudet Union meeting was exceptionally good. The witty and humorous selections were given by Mr. Peter Hughes; Miss Pearl Herdman read Macaulay's "Virginia"; and Rev. Mr. Cloud, lecturer on "Christian Science," maintaining it to be neither Christian nor science.

Mr. John Guy Stuart has returned to the city and resumed his studies in the St. Louis Art School. His many friends are glad to welcome him back and to know he is to remain here permanently. His presence will add interest to affairs literary, social, and all other calculated to benefit the local silent community.

Miss Clara L. Steidmann, a graduate of the St. Louis High and Normal Schools, and who has had experience as a teacher in the city public schools, has been appointed a teacher in the Public Day School for the Deaf. Her brother is a graduate of that School, and is a member of the Sophomore Class at Gallaudet College.

There was a very pleasant social at St. Thomas' Mission on Tuesday evening of Christmas week. Notwithstanding the short notice, there was a fine attendance and all had an enjoyable time.

Mr. Woetten, of Kansas City, Mo., is making an extended visit in St. Louis. Being a native of South Africa, he quite naturally sympathizes with the Boers.

Mr. Robert Erd, instructor in physical training at the Michigan State School for the Deaf, at Flint, was visiting relatives and friends in

and near St. Louis during Christmas vacation.

Mr. O. H. Regensburg, of Chicago, was in the city for a short time recently. His St. Louis friends greatly regret that his stay was so brief.

The January Public Opinion meeting last evening was largely attended, and the proceedings seem to have been more interesting than usual.

Miss Ernestine Rust, who has been visiting Mrs. Ralph Udell for several weeks past, has returned to her home in Rockford, Ill.

The printing and engraving plant where Mr. Ralph Udell is employed was visited by a serious conflagration recently. Mr. Udell is temporarily located in Mennel-Jacard Building.

The Christmas celebration program at the Day School this year, was arranged by Miss A. M. Roper, and was exceptionally fine.

Miss Bertha Block was the guest of Mrs. J. H. Cloud during Christmas vacation.

Mr. Morris S. Morry, of Clearville, Mo., and Miss Maggie B. Craig, Mo., were married at St. Thomas' Mission, by Rev. Mr. Cloud, January 5th.

MANNING THE YARDS.

A NAVAL CEREMONY THAT IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

In old times, when United States ships were actually ships with yards, the bos'n's mate's call, "All hands cheer ship!" was followed by a much more picturesque ceremony than is possible now, when the vessels of the navy are fitted with but a single yard and that only used for signaling. At the word of command "Man the yards!" there was an amount of acrobatic scurrying on the main decks of the old ships that was calculated to make the ship visitor hold his breath, the thing looked so dangerous. The men forward in duck-jacket uniform would fairly leap up the rope ladders, and almost by the time the echoes of the command had died away every yard on each mast would support scores of men and boys, all standing erect most of them only held up by the crossed arms of the men beside them. This representation of a cross was held by all of the men, and it was their business to stand thus with absolute stateliness. Then the command "Cheer ship!" would be bawled out on deck by the chief bos'n's mate, and there would be a yell from cathead to mizzen that couldn't help but warm the blood of everybody within hearing of it. When the men manned the yards with all sail except topsails and stunsails set, such a picture was really beautiful—the men's uniforms of blue standing out in sapphire-like contrast to the cameo whiteness of the shrouds. This was a ceremony on all formal occasions, such as the visit aboard the old ships of distinguished men. And "Man the yards!" and "Cheer ship!" were commands always given which one of the old clippers of the United States navy was either departing for or arriving from a foreign station.—Washington Star.

Fish and Water

Strange as it seems, a fish may suffer death by drowning. When a stream is suddenly swollen with water that has fallen upon and trained from surrounding soil which has been exposed for some time previously to the sun's rays, the water is warmed and deprived of its power of holding a proper complement of oxygen. The vivifying gas in consequence escapes, and the fish, deprived of the aids necessary for respiration, faint, and die, as they would be placed in tepid water.

A fish, like a man, requires a perpetual supply of oxygen to his breathing apparatus. A fish gets its oxygen from the water, a man from the atmosphere around him. Reverse the position of the two, and the fish becomes what is called drowned in the open air, while man is drowned in the water. A fish taken out of the water dies from drowning, because the little blood contains filaments which comprise the gills become stuck together and of course cannot act so as to oxygenate the blood.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 11, 1900.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1033 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One copy, one year, \$1.00
If not paid within six months, 1.50

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Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

MR. GALLAHER'S BOOK, "Representative Deaf Persons of the United States," which made its appearance in the Spring of 1898, has found its way into the libraries of some twenty-five of the foreign schools for the deaf, and still there is a demand for the work. A few weeks ago the Superintendent of the School for the Deaf at Adelaide, South Australia, sent an order to the publisher for three copies. The JOURNAL office lately was in need of another copy of the work and sent to Mr. Gallaher for one. In a few days the book was received accompanied with a letter stating that there were just four copies in hand. "Representative Deaf Persons of the United States Engaged in the Higher Pursuits of Life" is the full title of the book. The title above explains why there are no sketches of representative deaf printers, engravers, carpenters, tailors, farmers, etc., in the book. A good many have felt disappointed on this account, though at the same time aware of the fact that a publisher alone has the right to decide what material shall get into his book. Mr. Gallaher's plan and intention was to include only a particular class of deaf men and women, and he succeeded admirably. Barring a few of the prominent deaf who failed to respond to Mr. Gallaher's invitation for a sketch of themselves, the work contains practically all the prominent deaf of the country "engaged in the higher occupations of life."

There has been some talk of a second edition of the work, but so far as Mr. Gallaher is concerned he explicitly stated in the JOURNAL a few months after this book was out he could not publish another edition. We think, however, that he would be willing to sell the copy-right, so that some enterprising deaf printer with his own office could get out a second and enlarged edition of the work. The words, "engaged in higher pursuits" could be omitted by agreement, and then the new publisher could go after every representative deaf printer, carpenter, tailor and farmer in the United States. Several hundred sketches could be obtained, the publisher depending for the list on the secretaries of our various state associations and in other ways. Then there would be "representative" deaf men and women to represent every occupation in the United States.

ATTENTION is called to the protest of the President of the National Association of the Deaf, printed in this issue.

However much one may desire to enlarge the opportunities of the deaf to acquire an education, and whatever the motives of those attempting to secure an appropriation of \$100,000 from the National Government, the one-sidedness of the bill should make it objectionable to all.

Every institution in every State is doing its utmost to develop and train deaf children properly, and none of them neglect to teach articulation and lip-reading when it is at all practicable or gives promise of benefit to the pupil. They do this without special appropriation, and it is a slur upon

all of the schools to insinuate that a special grant from the Government, to be placed in alien hands, is either proper or necessary.

We endorse the suggestions made by President Smith, and hope the deaf will do their utmost to defeat a measure that is so prejudicial to their interests.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT.

To the Deaf of the United States—The attempt is to be repeated at this session of Congress to procure the passage of a bill "to aid in establishing homes in the States and Territories for teaching articulate speech and vocal language to the deaf children." Congress is asked to appropriate the sum of \$100,000 for this purpose.

This is a scheme to secure official and national endorsement for a method of teaching the deaf which is almost unanimously opposed by the educated deaf, and which we know, if universally adopted in this country, will lower the standard of the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of the deaf. It comes under the head of class legislation, which all true Americans should oppose.

It is important that the deaf and their friends should oppose this measure with all the influence at their command. To this end, I would earnestly recommend:—

1. That every deaf person who reads this notice, write to his or her Congressman, asking him to vote against the bill if it is reported from the Committee.
2. That the President of every State Association of the Deaf write a similar protest in the name of the Association which he represents and address it to every Representative and Senator from his State.

I also take this opportunity of authorizing and urging each member of the National Executive Committee to take some action in the matter, to the end that the attention of our National Legislatures may be called to the unanimous opposition of the deaf to such legislation.

Editors of other papers are requested to publish this notice, that it may reach as many as possible.

FRATERNALLY,
J. L. SMITH,
Secretary.

FARIBAULT, MINN.,
JAN. 4, 1900.

HELEN KELLER.
In a letter to the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, in November, 1893, concerning the description of The Columbian Exposition by her, published in *St. Nicholas*, Helen Keller writes the following, which we believe has never been published, and it's beauty makes it worthy of being widely known and always remembered.

HULTON, PENN., Nov. 19, 1893.
"DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:—I thank you very much for the thirty dollars which you sent me in payment for my letters. I could hardly believe at first that so much money was really intended for me; but my teacher assured me there was no mistake, and that *St. Nicholas* meant it all for my very own, so please accept my loving thanks for your check. Besides the immediate pleasure which it affords me as another token of your kindness, I have the prospective pleasure of buying it Christmas happiness for my friends."

"I hope my letter will help your younger readers to feel that of all the good and beautiful things which come into our lives, Love is the best and the most beautiful, since it alone makes it possible for a little girl, deaf and blind as I am, to rejoice in the brightness and loveliness of a world she cannot see."

"Affectionately your little friend,
HELEN KELLER."

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 4, '00.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—"O my deaf friends in this City of Washington this poem is sent as a New Year's Greeting."

CONTENTMENT.
The soul hath need of a "stronger hope"
Than that which now appears,
So earnestly "cast the horseshoe"
For the future formless years.

There thou shalt find a "contented mind"
And peace without alloy,
So be resigned, all human kind,
Will give the only joy.

It is a truth by angels taught
From homes in spheres above,
That every heart by sorrow wrought
Is healed by the power of love.

So thine shall be, when thou canst see
The illuminations rare,
In the world of the free in eternity,
Where all is bright and fair.

So lift thy soul by the power of hope
To the mountain tops on high,
When thou canst see the brighter scope
Of the life in the by and by.

The lessons of life are learned through strife,
E'en through travail and pain,
But joy'll be rife in the other life,
There thou'll find rest again.

When thy soul is fixed in full on truth
And thou canst follow its light,
'Twill lead thee where eternal youth
Shall ever greet thy sight.

Then understand this lesson grand,
This earth is not the real,
'Tis the shifting sand to a better land,
Where dwells the true ideal.

Thou'll know the truth, O friends of mine
When thou thyself dost know,
'Twill link thee close to the Divine,
With love thy soul shalt glow.

LILY MAE BROWNE.
Jan. 4, '00.

CHICAGO.

A Masquerade that Attracted.

JOHN R. COTTON DEAD.

Kerney's Paper Coming--Brevities of All Sorts.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The Chicago Mutual Benefit Association of Deaf-Mutes started to call public attention to its existence by giving its first masquerade ball at Aurora Turner Hall, corner Division Street and Ashland Avenue. It may be termed a success if considered from a financial standpoint of view and the number of people who attended it. The gallery above the dancing floor was crowded with both deaf and hearing people. A violin and piano furnished the music for the occasion, though a "second band" composed of charcoal marked ragamuffins paraded the floor and made "music discordant"—the hearing people put their hands to their ears to shut it out—the deaf did not. The hand came from the bar and marched back to the bar, which, by the way, was kept busy much to the evident satisfaction of President Cartter, Secretary Piskac, and Sibitzky. The cowboy took a princess; the clown, a shepherdess; Uncle Sam, Columbia; the tramp, Lady Vere de Vere, and waltzed, lilted, scottished until the "wee sma' hours," while the pianist, some what resembling Paderewski, thundered himself deaf, with his foot on the fortissimo pedal. We think the violinist never gave his strings a harder twang. If the pianist thought that he, or you thought that he resembled "P" with his chrysanthemum hair, he must have disillusioned your imagination at once, for he munched a sandwich, went to the bar and climbed a chair to light a cigar from the gas jet. The club feels so much encouraged by the affair that it intends to hire a larger hall next year. Well, the advice is: Let the bar alone.

Mr. John R. Cotton was unable to survive the operation incidental to Bright's disease of the kidneys, and succumbed to the grim reaper two weeks ago. The incidents of his career as being born at Plymouth Rock, raised among the Indians and sent to the Hartford School were given in a former letter. His working with the carpenter tools after he was past seventy, was not the result of necessity but of choice, as he had wealthy relatives who would see that he lacked nothing of the comforts of life. It keeps me healthy, he would say. Mr. Cotton's body will be cremated. In following Mr. Raffington, another pioneer, one by one they are passing away, like the Veterans from Decoration Day ranks.

Mr. Charles Kerney is again in Chicago from Evansville, and gave the audience of Methodist Church a sample display of pyrotechnic oratory. It may be surmised that he is not here for his health, but more on business connected with his paper. It will be out on February 21st—this time, sure. The title of his paper will be "Once a Week," an 8-page illustrated weekly. It is to have eight editors and 850 contributors. Most of the former are graduates of Gallaudet College. Of course, it will be independent. The title will bear the impress of the engraving skill of W. R. Cullingworth in the shape of "Once a Week" in the hand alphabet. Circulars are being distributed everywhere.

Richard L.H. Long, former correspondent of the JOURNAL, left his Sabine farm near Joliet and is staying in Chicago. To make up for the scantiness on his cranium, he is raising a six weeks' or six months' beard, there being no rule by which to judge of it. I should judge he was here on some business connected with Mr. Kerney's new paper, and will wager a new hat on it. As a writer and practical printer he is, to use a Bradstreet mark, A.A. It can't be a mere coincidence that Kerney should be here at the same time as Long from Joliet. See?

Ignatius Comiskey with his varied baseball career is back in Chicago—his home—from N. S. Dakota, where he has been playing ball for a "valley" league at which the small admission of 25 and 15 cents were charged. His brother Charles Comiskey is the well known ex-captain and manager of the hustling St. Louis Browns, which could put up the stiffest article of ball in its palmist days. It defeated Anson's Chicago team for the world's championship one time, but the next season it ran amuck the New York team and was beaten. I was a witness of its defeat, when Keefe twirled the ball against Silver King and won the world's championship for Ewing's men.

Mr. Thomas is back from Canada, as usual, but will return in April in time to attend to the florist business. The artist Murdy has been here several days getting in his supplies. He bobbed up at church, genial and dapper as ever. Fire has been the hoodoo of the Regensburgs this winter. While Mr. R. was away in St. Louis and his partner also out of town, fire broke out in their printing establishment and together with the water from the fire engines did considerable damage to their machinery. The Tribune places their loss at \$7,000, covered by insurance. This was on December 31st. The next day burglars set fire to the flat building belonging to Mr. Regensburg, Sr., on Wabash Avenue, but it was put out before doing damage to the extent of \$300. Mr. Regensburg felicitates himself on the recovery of books belonging to the Gallaudet Alumni and to the Illinois Gallaudet Union.

The business in the Chicago Post Office in every branch has been of an enormous kind. The statement set of the money order division handled three million dollars worth of paid orders for December, and the hardest part of it fell on me. No wonder being under the weather from this work and the zero weather has caused me to take to the cyclone cellar and miss some letters to the JOURNAL. But—Richard is himself again. Glad to know the readers of the JOURNAL, individually and collectively, have had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. May your shadows never grow less—A. B. G.'s especially.

Mr. Boyle, ex-foreman of the Cairo Bulletin for many years, but now of West Pullman, has invested his savings in a snug cottage, and apparently does not regret having chosen the printer's trade. When he comes to a party in Chicago he is sure to whoop up things—then he goes back to Pullman, into a hole, and pulls it after him. After some procrastinating, Miss Theresa W. Schoenberger has come to Ann Arbor, Michigan, for a few months' stay. In the baseball deals going on, we wonder where Hoy will find his place. Louisville seems to be out of the National League, and if it goes into the American Association, it will be hard to tell if Hoy will go also. In the death of Mr. Lehmann, founder of the great department store yecept the Fair, the opportunities of American life find a striking example of one dying worth ten millions, who as a boy used to sell newspapers on the streets.

Thunderstorms.
Do not imagine that because a heavy thunderstorm is far away to leeward it is not likely to arise and wet you. Even if the wind is blowing right against the cloud it will come your way all the more surely, for thunderstorms always travel against the wind. The reason for this is that there is invariably a countercurrent of air above the breeze that you feel close to the earth, and this sky high wind blows in the opposite direction to the one which alone you can detect. Thus the tempest seems to work its way right through the wind's eyes in a very contrary way. Fog never does this; neither does ordinary rain—at least very seldom—but snow or sleet sometimes works its way up wind just as the tempest does. Sheet lightning, by the way, is not a distinctive sort of light, but merely the reflection in the sky of a forked flash many miles away. You can tell how far away a tempest is by counting the seconds that pass between the flash and the peal. Each second stands for about a mile.

A Famous French Lawyer.
In the degenerate days of the third Napoleon, and in the childhood of the third republic, Maître Lochaud was the idol of the French bar. He won his way by a fine combination of wit, lightheartedness and eloquence. He was half fellow well met among the journalists, who delighted to do him honor publicly and in private. No one suspected him of sorcery. He would attack a prisoner as cheerfully as he would defend him, provided his fee was paid. And he did not invariably take pains to make his case up, knowing as he did, that whether his client lost or won he himself was tolerably sure of adding to his reputation as a sayer of bright things and an orator.

An hour after hearing a client sentenced to the guillotine, or to Mazas, you might have found him cracking jokes with his confederates at the Café du Palais, or dining en-partie carree at the Maison Doree. His powers of repartee, his epigrammatic felicity, and his happy go lucky, dashing, easy air frequently stood him in good stead when, from unfamiliarity with his own side of the question he happened to be arguing, he was momentarily embarrassed. Of all French barristers of recent times he was unquestionably the most brilliant, the most ingenious and the most generally popular. But he was not most worthy.—*Criterion.*

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, 1900.—The past week ushered in the work of the second term with the members of the faculty teaching almost the same subjects as usual, though Prof. Ely has this term, instead of mathematics, chemistry and geology. The beginning of each new term marks the election of new officers for the various societies and clubs. Some of the elections took place the past week with the result given below:

THE "LIT"—President, Long, '00; Vice-President, Braithwaite, '01; Secretary, Clark, '02; Treasurer, '03; Librarian, Andree, '02; Critic, Carrell, '00.

READING ROOM CLUB.—Worstaff, '00, Chairman; Long, '00; Braithwaite, '01; Hemstreet, '01, Librarian; Steideman, '02, Secretary; Andree, '02, Treasurer.

THE O. W. L. S.—Misses Taylor, '00, President; Stout, '01, Vice-President; Gaillard, '01, Secretary; Bauman, '02, Treasurer; Lamson, '00, Critic.

THE LADIES' READING ROOM CLUB.—Miss Taylor, '00, Chairman; Miss Hayden, '02, Secretary; Miss Finch, '03, Treasurer; Miss Brooks, '03, Librarian; Miss Fitzgerald, '03, Assistant.

None of the other societies have held elections as yet.

Miss Zell, '02, returned to college Saturday, from her home in Ohio, where she went to spend the holidays. She was detained at home on account of the death of her grandfather.

Miss Martin is detained at her home in New York, on account of the serious illness of her grandmother. Prof. Porter has charge of her classes for the present.

The cold weather of the past few days was severe enough to freeze the various skating ponds about the city, and the students have enjoyed fine sport nearly every afternoon lately. The ice is gone though at this writing.

The plastering over the "Ducks" table in the dining room began to crack last week, and they had to change quarters to the middle of the room, and scarcely became accustomed to their new place before it fell and crashed through the floor at exactly the place where their table had stood.

If any dances are held before the ceiling can be repaired and strengthened, another hall will have to be secured. Perhaps Mr. Adams may object to the "gym" being used, as he has just succeeded in getting the wax of last spring's "hop" off the floor. The new exercises with "bar-balls"—I believe that is what he calls it—don't agree with a slippery floor. The play given by the Jolly Club New Year's eve was entitled "Two Ghosts in White," and a recitation, "Why we Never Married." The girls only decided on the entertainment the day before, but, however, it was well rendered and all present enjoyed it very much.

R. S. T.

What To Do.

Here is a good example of the woful lack of "science in the pulpit" which has been recently lamented: A well known minister was addressing a congregation of seamen at a waterfront mission. Thinking to be impressive, he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head-wind. Unfortunately for the success of the metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions. "What shall we do next?" he cried. "Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar in disgust, "an' lemme take command, or ye'll 'ave us all on the rocks in another 'arf a second!"

Services in the Diocese of Albany

Until further notice the following arrangement of regular services in the Diocese of Albany, will be adhered to as closely as possible.

FIRST SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.
10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Troy.
3:00 P.M.—St. Paul's, Albany.

SECOND SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.
10:30 A.M.—St. Paul's, Tr. y.
3:00 P.M.—St. George's, Schenectady.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN EACH MONTH.
10:30 A.M.—St. John's, Johnstown.
7:30 P.M.—St. Ann's, Amsterdam.

Services on other Sundays and week-days will be announced from time to time, as occasion may require.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES

JANUARY 14TH, SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A. M. Holy Communion.

NEW YORK.

Quiet Follows Festivity.

CHIEFLY NEWS ITEMS.

The Union League's Affair.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

A regular dull period has set in, and after the wearying events that centered around the closing of the old year this is not surprising.

A party at Mrs. Redmond's, on West 125th St., was enjoyed by a few of her friends who gathered under her hospitable roof. I. N. Soper and Fred Hoffman were among the joyous throng.

Mrs. Moses Heyman has returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Theo I. Lounsbury were entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. LeClerc, on Sunday afternoon and evening last.

Peter Redington was a visitor to the wilds of New Jersey, on a shooting trip New Year's.

Fred Meinken is domiciled in furnished rooms on West 124th St., where, he says, he is enjoying a bachelor's life.

Arthur Bachrach and family are about to move to apartments at Madison Avenue and 94th Street.

Mr. Schoenfeld informs me that he has resigned from the Manhattan Literary Association, and that there are but seven members left. He contemplates a visit to his mother, in Austria, this summer, and will take in the Paris Exposition.

Mr. W. I. Tilton, of the Jacksonville, Illinois, Institution, hopes to sail for Paris, with the New York expedition that goes abroad.

A project is on foot whereby Brooklyn's deaf people are to be treated to a mask ball on Lincoln's Birthday. No details are ready as yet for publication.

The quarterly convocation of the Surds will be held at their rooms on Saturday evening, January 13th, and there is quite an accumulation of business to attend to.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Haight were among the large congregation at St. Ann's, on Sunday.

Dr. Gallaudet had a congregation of fully seventy-five on Sunday last. A good sprinkling were from out of town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rose's "Select Circle," held a three and a half hour meeting at St. Ann's Guild room. Pleasant games were indulged in, and among those whom Mr. and Mrs. Rose favored with invitations and those who went uninvited were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Bettles, Frank B. Thompson, J. Alexander, Lynch, Misses Mamie, Katie and Sarah Elsworth, Miss B. Young and Mr. A. Baxter, Mr. Boyd, Miss Fenall, and Miss Kunmer, Miss Thadwald and Miss Barrager.

At the meeting of the Parishioners of St. Ann's on January 4th, a strong protest was raised at the recent election of Vestrymen for the Church without the congregation's knowledge, consent or approval. They held that in common fairness they should have had a voice in the matter.

\$38.00 was cleared at the recent Christmas festival engineered by Mrs. E. V. Brown, and that lady is duly elated.

Last week's *Saturday Evening Post* had an interesting article on the sign-language, in which Dr. Gallaudet's ability as a sign speaker was dwelt on to some length.

Two deaf-mute employers of the Unedea Biscuit Concern have been thrown out of work by the substitution of girls who work very much cheaper.

Attention of the public is called to a change in the Union League's advertisement on the last page of this paper, where they will find a good bill of vaudeville talent, engaged for the occasion on January 18th. So the Union League has lived up to its promise of furnishing a good pastime for everybody, regardless of the cost the show has entailed on its treasury. Everybody affiliated with the Union League, is agreed on one thing—i.e., that the deaf public has long endured the feeling that the world is cold to them and has no time or thought to entertain them. The Union League boldly steps in and asserts that the deaf must be amused as well as their more fortunate brethren and sisters, and unhesitatingly gets up an aggregation of vaudeville talent, even if there is a possibility of financial loss. The committee in charge is fully empowered by the Union League to go ahead on the project, probably the first affair of its kind in the country, if not, in the world, regardless of the expense. The committee advises every reader to ask his or her family to come along, as the affair is worth the price of admission, and is equal to any of the vaudeville theatres in New York.—The music and dancing will be kept up until four o'clock in the morning. The reception-room will be kept open all night.

ORIGIN OF BICYCLES.

IT MAY BE TRACED AS FAR BACK AS THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In St. Nicholas Frank H. Vizetelly has told "The Story of the wheel," tracing the evolution of the bicycle. Mr. Vizetelly says:

It has been often said that "to trace the origin of the bicycle we must go back to the beginning of the century," and as this has not been denied it is probably true. I shall try to show that the bicycle grew from experiments in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that the celerifere, first invented in 1690, was the earliest form of the "safety" of to-day. The first attempts to ride wheels date back as far as the fifteenth century.

True, the machines then made were crude, clumsy and imperfect, yet they deserve mention, for they were a distinct step in the history of the wheel. The first of these was a heavy carriage driven by means of ropes attached to and wound around its axle tree. To the other end of the ropes a pole was tied, and this pole was used as a lever in front of the vehicle, and by this means it was slowly drawn forward.

Little was done in the century following, yet in the "Memoirs of Henry Fetherstone" it is told that a Jesuit missionary named Riclus, who was traveling down the Ganges, having missed a boat that plied at regular intervals between points he was to visit in his journey, made up for lost time by building a small carriage propelled by levers. Because so few details are told, the truth of the author's account has been doubted or discredited by many.

In one of England's older churches—St. Giles' at Stoke Pogis—is a window of stained glass on which may be seen a cherub astride of a hobby horse, or wooden "wheel." At the sides, in separate panels, as if to fix the date of the design, stand two young men attired in Puritan dress, one playing the violin, the other, with hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe. Is it from this design that the first thought of the hobby horse of other days was taken?

Before the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1693, Ozanam read a paper describing a vehicle driven by the pedaling of a footman, who stood in a box behind and rested his hands on a bar level with his chin attached to the back of an awning above the rider in the conveyance. This may prove that Fetherstone's account was not untrue. Ozanam's vehicle was followed by another, built on a somewhat similar plan, by an Englishman named Ovenden about 1761, for a description of the machine then appeared in *The Universal Magazine*. The vehicle was said to be "the best that has hitherto been invented." The distance covered "with ease" by this rude vehicle is stated to have been six miles an hour; with a "peculiar exertion," nine or ten miles. The steering was done with a pair of reins.

Not the Advice Wanted.

After spending more than a quarter of a century in active business life in the city a certain merchant purchased a ranch which he considers to be admirably adapted for dairy farming. Having had no practical training in agricultural pursuits, he is dependent for his knowledge of the art upon those books which purport to tell the urban bred how to do the trick. He desired to learn all he could concerning dairying and for advice betook himself to his friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, in whose omniscience and wide reading he has absolute confidence.

"Do you know anything good on milk, doctor?" he asked the venerable man of God.

The jovial pulpiteer, who knew more of the "sincere milk of the work" than of any other lactical fluid, answered solemnly:

"Yes, my dear sir, I believe I am familiar with the best thing on milk than can be found anywhere."

"What is it, doctor?" eagerly and unsuspectingly asked the budding rancher.

"Cream," ejaculated the preacher as he hurried round the corner.—*Exchange.*

On the 31st of December, there was a pleasant social time had at the hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Friend at Copeland, when the following named guests present were: Misses Belle Winch, of Edgewood; Kate Falk and Ida Curran, of Allegheny; Messrs. John Friend and Elmer S. Havens, "Ducks" of Gallaudet College, and Frank Widaman, of Greenburg. The time the guests seemed to enjoy there, was a well spent one.

James Friend, one of the brightest pupils of the Edgewood School, who has been at his home in Copeland since the main building of the mute institution was destroyed by fire and who has been sick of malarial fever for some time, is getting better slowly but surely. His reputation as a story-teller is of an excellent nature. He expects to enter Gallaudet College within three years, if his life may be spared.

OHIO.

Happenings and Enjoyments of the Holidays.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

A Visit from Governor Bushnell—Other Items.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The holidays are over and matters have quieted down to the even tenor of their ways. The visitors who come to see friends in Columbus and renew acquaintances at their *alma mater*, have all departed for their several homes with one or two exceptions. Miss Ethel Zell left last evening to resume her studies in Gallaudet College. Mrs. Friday may leave next week. New Year's day was spent no different from what it usually is at the Institution. There was the regular oyster dinner with other substantial accompaniments for the inner man. The day being cold added to the appetite of the children, and they did good justice to the bill of fare.

The ice on the river, creek, and lakes in the city parks, was in fine condition for skating, and every boy who possessed a pair of skates made use of them on the park ponds. The boys were warned not to venture on the ice of the river and creeks, for obvious reasons. For the evening's entertainment, Prof. Haber was engaged with his Edison War Kinetoscope show, and for an hour or more treated his *observers* to some very fine and realistic scenes of battles, fire runs, Spanish bull fights, as well as stationary views. It was one of the best entertainments of the kind given for a long while, and the children showed their enthusiasm for many of the scenes by a vigorous clapping of hands.

All was quiet at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Iscy, on East Rich Street, Saturday evening. It was caused by a surprise party given in honor of Mrs. Frank Friday, of Chicago, and brother of Mr. Elsey. Mrs. Friday had been coaxed to make a short visit to a neighbor, and during her absence, as per arrangement, the guests of the evening slipped in. Her surprise was great when returning home to find the house in possession of old-time friends. After the usual greetings had passed, games were started up and furnished amusements for a couple hours, when icecream and cakes were served. All enjoyed a very pleasant evening. Those who participated were: Mr. and Mrs. Elsey, Mr. and Mrs. Schory, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Holyeross, Mrs. Corbett, of Bellair; Mrs. Miller, Misses Biggam, Munnell, Bard, and Laura Gard, of Preble County; Messrs. C. W. Charles, Halse, Joe Neutzing, F. Schwartz and Frank Jones.

Governor and Mrs. Bushnell were guests of the Institution, Wednesday afternoon. They visited all the school rooms and bade good-bye to teachers and pupils. We are indeed sorry to lose them, as they both have been such good friends of the Institution.

Miss Sarah Cottrell, who has been assistant to the B Girls' matron, left for her home Monday, on account of poor health. Her position for the present is being filled by Miss Alma Burton, a sister of Mrs. Wortman, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. James Smith, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Grigsby were entertaining for a few days Mr. Andrew Miller, of Pike County. Mr. Miller thinks of buying a farm near this city in the spring and move up here.

The bindery girls are all smiles again, for they were called back to work Tuesday, and expect to stay awhile.

Mrs. Marcus H. Kerr, who has been spending the season in Indiana with relatives, joined her husband here Saturday. They have secured accommodations for the present at the home of Miss Nettie and Frank Jones, 168 N. Washington Avenue.

Miss Bertha Dresback has returned from her home in Johnston, Ohio, well recuperated and ready to stand a siege of hard work in the book factory.

Rev. A. W. Mann conducted a service in Trinity Church chapel, Sunday morning, and in the afternoon the chapel service of the Institution.

The Press-Post of last evening had the following:

A number of boys living in the vicinity of Oak and Parsons Avenue received air guns for Christmas gifts and the police are now receiving reports of damage caused by these guns. Last evening, Mrs. R. H. Atwood, of 838 Oak Street, discovered that a round hole had been shot through a window of her house. She reported the case to the police and Officer Croninger made an investigation and was informed by nearly all the owners of air guns and shotguns that their guns had been left at home at the time the window was said to have been broken.

Howard E. Pratt, youngest son of ex-Superintendent Pratt, died

Wednesday, of Bright's disease. He was fifteen years and six months old. He was born in the Institution. Superintendent Jones sent over a fine collection of flowers to lay on his bier.

Governor Bushnell in his message to the legislature thus refers to our school.

"The institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb and the blind are in excellent condition, both as to physical features and attendance. The appreciation of these State schools is evident and their privileges are eagerly sought by the unfortunates for whom they were designed. The magnificent school building at the institution for the deaf and dumb has been completed and is now occupied, thus relieving the hitherto crowded condition of the main building. It is a special pleasure to be able to report that the appropriations made for the teaching of the deaf, dumb and blind children of the State has led to gratifying results." And of politics in the State educational and benevolent institutions he says:

"Consideration for the best welfare of the benevolent and educational institutions of the State would seem to dictate a merit system of service for the employees. Grievous harm and demoralization can be done by placing partisan interests above those of the institutions. It is my firm belief that the less politics enters into the daily and yearly life of these institutions, the greater will be the benefit accruing to the people and to those who are the objects of the State's benevolence. A condition approaching the desired status has now obtained for several years. It should be amplified and extended."

Miss Olivia Ferrenberg was a visitor to the school from Saturday to Tuesday, coming with a cousin of Mr. W. H. Zorn. They spent Sunday up at the Home, where Mr. Zorn lectured to the inmates, and were greatly pleased with all they saw.

A. B. G.

NEW JERSEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McManus, of Newark; Miss Ethel Perry (Mrs. McManus's sister), Messrs. Redington and Shea, of Greater New York, have all returned home after a few days' stay at the hospitable mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Heller, Dunellen.

Mrs. Joe Penrose, of New Market, never knew what it was to be really surprised until Saturday evening, December 30th, when she was fairly pushed out of bed and, after having dressed up with great reluctance, led down stairs by her husband who drew aside the portieres, introducing her to several friends who had been lying in wait in the dining room. She was all the more surprised inasmuch as she never dreamed that she would be thus honored at ten o'clock, which hour, she said, did not permit anything other than going to bed. She said she was, however, glad to see her friends again. The portieres were then hung higher, and the dining room and the parlor were soon the scene of the merriest gathering known in the history of the house. The evening was spent in social intercourse and good cheer. At a late hour a luncheon was spread by Mrs. Heller, assisted by Mrs. Frank Penrose and Mrs. McManus, and was partaken of by all with entire satisfaction. Mrs. Joe Penrose received pretty and useful presents. Her birthday took place on December 28th, but her friends could not help her celebrate the day until that evening when they took their ease with two more holidays to spend.

Several gentlemen assembled at the Heller house on New Year's and organized a gun club, by electing the following officers: Chas. McManus, Captain; Joe. Penrose, Treasurer; Wm. Coombs, Secretary. The organization is known as the new Century Gun Club.

It will hold a reception at Taylor's Hotel, Dunellen, on February 21st. Let those living in Greater New York attend and see what Jersey hayscuds can do in the social line. Any one who wishes to secure a ticket may get it by writing to Chas. McManus, 40 Nelson Place, Newark, N. J.

On New Year's the club had a shoot in the rear of the Heller house. The best score was made by Mr. Heller. Mr. Coombs was a close second. Messrs. McManus, Joe. Penrose, Frank Penrose, Redington and Shea, came in the order named.

Under the guidance of Messrs. Redington and McManus, Joe Penrose spent Christmas week in seeing the white elephant in New York City.

Messrs. Morris, Shannon and Creer, of New York, were expected to make up the party at the Heller mansion during Christmas week, and their absence has been the chief topic of conversation. They will doubtless make amends by attending the Gun Club's reception on February 21st.

Jesse K. Robb, of Greensburg, Pa., after a week's lay-off from duty, resumed his accustomed place in the brass department of Kelly & Jones' iron mill, south of that town, last week.

VIRGINIA.

The First School for the Deaf in America.

DEAF-MUTE MURDERED.

Requirements of the Deaf Workman of To-day—Other Matters, Personal and Otherwise.

[News Items for the Virginia Letter can be sent to W. C. Ritter, Hampton, Va.]

[OUR PERSONAL KICK.—I have recently received at least three letters from deaf parties, in Virginia, who have taken it upon their important selves to attempt to read me a lecture upon what they consider my laziness in not writing half a dozen columns a week for the JOURNAL. One fellow intimates that I "stole" his money; another proceeds to send me a "prescription" (as he calls it) for writing, and a third says I am "no good" because I don't "write strongly against the Institution." If the Fool Killer will call at any sanctum, I will give him *gratis* the names of some people who should be his "meat" without delay.

Seriously, however, I have no apology to offer (and if I had one, I suppose the deaf of Virginia know me well enough to know I would not offer it). The position of correspondent for the JOURNAL does not pay me a cent—this is said for the benefit of the people who seem to think I draw several thousand dollars a year from the job. I am a newspaperman. I work from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.; and from 7 P. M. to 10 or 12 P. M., looking for copy, reading, studying, etc. Of course, I get paid for this work. I work six days in the week thus. On the seventh (Sunday) I generally rise at 9 A. M. After breakfast, if I feel like it, I sit at my favorite window in my favorite rocking arm-chair, and watch the steam and sailing craft on Hampton Roads. Sometimes I feel like writing to the JOURNAL while thus resting and getting copy, paper and pencil, write what occurs to me. I keep no notes. I seldom read over again what I write. If I don't finish the letter, or something turns up to cause me to stop writing, I don't consider it of sufficient importance to let it bother me at all. If the letter don't get mailed for a month, it hardly concerns me. I know the news—if others don't, it is their fault! In other words, I don't profess to be the only "pebble on the beach," as the slang of the day goes.

I thus write somewhat extendedly for the benefit of the all-wise Thomases who live in Virginia as well as in other States. With apologies to the editor of the JOURNAL for the "personalities" herein contained, I am yours truly, but-can't-help-it.—W. C. R.]

The biennial report of Superintendent W. A. Bowles, of the Staunton School, was received a month or more ago. It is the finest pamphlet ever issued by any superintendent of our school. A dozen half-tone cuts of the boys at work in the shops, the buildings, etc., are embodied within the interesting pages. Mr. Bowles also makes the following interesting claim:

"The first school for the deaf in America was established in the year 1812, at Cobb's, near Petersburg, Virginia, by Colonel William Bolling, a descendant of Pocahontas. Colonel Bolling had two deaf brothers and a deaf sister, who had been educated at Edinburg, Scotland, in the latter part of the last century. He also had two deaf children, one of whom was William Albert Bolling, who was born at Cobb's, February 21, 1799, and died in Gloucester County, Virginia, October 30, 1884, and who was the first pupil of the first school (Cobb's) for deaf-mutes in America.

"He is the author of a drawing of his *alma mater*, found on another page (of the report)."

Thus briefly, and absolutely correctly, does Mr. Bowles make and sustain the so-called disputed claim that the State of Virginia had the first school for the deaf in America, besides furnishing the first deaf pupil from America to be educated in the Old World. The first deaf-mute educated in America was also educated in Virginia—William Albert Bolling.

Three excellent cuts of John Bolling (the first American deaf-mute educated in the Old World); "Cobb's," (the first school for the deaf in America), and a cut of William Albert Bolling (the first American deaf-mute to be educated in an American deaf-mute school) are in the front part of Mr. Bowles' report.

I shall try to secure these three cuts for the JOURNAL, later on.

At the time of writing the report, (September 30th), there were 207

pupils on the rolls of the school—more than in any single session within the history of the school and more were expected. Mr. Bowles and the Board of Directors have been trying to support this great increase of pupils on the appropriation of \$35,000 which has been given the school by the Legislature for a good many years past, when there were not over 175 pupils. However, as should be expected, a small deficit has been accumulating for several years, until now it amounts to something over \$3,500.

The Legislature of Virginia, now in session, should come to the relief of the school at once by giving it at least \$50,000 a year. Virginia has been niggardly enough with her public institutions during the past several years, and more so during the past two years. The present Legislature is largely composed of young, intelligent, pushing men and the deaf of Virginia should write to their respective representatives in the Legislature at once and urge a larger sum for their *alma mater*. They are entitled to and will be given a hearing. Many of them are tax-payers and voters and all of them are on the same footing with their more fortunate hearing brethren. Their delegates and senators in the legislature will respect their wishes if it is possible—and if they seem disposed not to do so, remember them when they return to their homes in three months hence and then give them—thunder and lightning, and talk (no matter if it is all mixed up) with the voters and retire 'em to the "bone yard" of private citizenship ever afterward!

AS TO DEAF IN TRADES.

During the past eighteen months, I have received requests from different newspaper publishers for the services of deaf all-round printers, living in Virginia or nearby, but I have been compelled to say I know of none. While it is true I know of several dozen who learned to set type "on its feet," yet who did not learn (or couldn't) anything about *taste, display*, and use their *own judgment*, and consequently have easily and early been crowded out and starved to death the poorly learned printer. To-day a printer must really know—and know for sure—not any conceited, self-knowledge, but a fellow whose work will test the judgment of the best experts of the hearing class in the trade—the "art preservative of arts," or he can not have the slightest ray of hope of holding a position if he fortunately secures one for trial. These are days of terrible competition in nearly all branches of trade. Being deaf (and perhaps also dumb) an employer has very little, if any time to give to writing what he wants done. The deaf workman must know his business and he must put an unusual *openness and quickness* in it to atone for the great inconvenience his deafness causes his employer as well as his fellow-employees. All branches of business have been completely revolutionized within the past ten years. If the deaf are to work at any trades hereafter, they must learn down to the merest dot, or there is slight hope for their continuing in the trade. It makes a deaf man shudder to think of what will be the competition in his trade in the next five or ten years.

DEAF-MUTE MURDERED.

In the village of Virgilina, Halifax County, Va., on Christmas Day last, William Loftis, a deaf-mute who is known to our deaf who attended school prior to 1880, was shot and instantly killed. The particulars appeared in the daily papers the day after, as follows:

A man named Loftis, employed in the mines near Virgilina, was intoxicated, and had made himself disagreeable generally. Mr. R. B. Turner, the agent of the Southern railroad at Virgilina, acting as special constable, a tempted to arrest Loftis, when a brother of Loftis, a deaf-mute, attacked Turner in defending his brother from being arrested, and succeeded in getting Turner down, and sitting upon him, refused to let him arise, when Turner shot him instantly.

Turner was then shot by another party, the ball passing through one of his shoulders, inflicting an ugly and serious wound. At last accounts, Turner was in the coroner's jury has exonerated Turner for the killing of William Loftis, and the Turner Bros. were tried for shooting Loftis. It is before Justice Torian and Tom to-day.

Twenty witnesses were examined and the evidence showed conclusively that the Loftis boys were the aggressors, both being under the influence of whiskey and shooting around the depot and insulting women passengers.

R. B. Turner was able to appear at trial, though his throat is seriously cut. Robert Loftis who was badly shot in the shoulder, could not appear. William Loftis, the deaf-mute brother who was killed, was badly wounded.

Public sympathy is largely in favor of the Turners, who acted in self-defense, though Loftis has many friends, some of whom are making ugly threats and the trouble may not be over yet.

The Justice acquitted the case.

William Loftis had a deaf-mute sister, so it is said. Nothing had been heard of them since they left school.

PERSONAL AND BRIEF

In looking over an old history of Virginia, printed in 1845, the following statistics are found. In the United States census of 1840 there were reported 603 deaf-mutes in Virginia (and West Virginia) or 1 to every 2056 of population. There were 803 blind, or 1 to every 1390 of population.

A letter received from Miss Net-

tie Mays contains the information that she is now living at Alderson, W. Va., and has been residing there for some five years with her sister, and engaged in dressmaking. Many of the young Virginia deaf will remember Miss Nettie as a sweet and pretty young lady, whose gentle and generous manner made her many friends at the school in Staunton. She formerly lived in Botetourt County, Va.

There were no deaf visitors to Richmond this Christmas, something very unusual. At least, if there were any, they didn't show up at the regular places of deaf meetings. Some weeks before the holidays two deaf ladies of middle age, wholly strangers to the young element, dropped in to see Mrs. Chilos. I can not now recall their names. But this much, on account of its remarkableness, I can remember. The ladies claimed that they had two deaf brothers. Their father was a well-to-do minister in Eastern Virginia. He sent his eldest deaf child to the school in Staunton before the Civil War, and after several years' trial he found that the language of the child did not improve, so he decided to keep at home his other deaf children and educate them as best he could, with the help of his *partly educated* son from Staunton! He seems to have succeeded very well, for the two ladies could spell on their hands like thunder and lightning, through they could not sign!

The pupils at the school had their usual one-day holiday, Christmas Day and again New Year Day, with the accompanying Christmas tree and turkey dinner for the first, and the masquerade ball for the second, and these short holidays are given so as to complete the term and allow the school to close a week or ten days earlier in June than would be the case should there be a week or ten days of holiday.

We in Virginia have been experiencing some very cold weather this and last week. The correspondent (with his better-half) made a trip up the Shenandoah Valley last week, and the cold was intense up there, while the climate of the shores along the Hampton Roads was very considerably tempered by the warm Gulf Stream, but—here we must stop; written thirty pages for the enlightenment of the deaf; got to spend four cents out of our private purse to mail it, and all because the deaf of this State will not support the JOURNAL by subscribing in sufficiently large number to justify the editor in offering a salary for a regular Virginia correspondent—yet the deaf kick!

RITTER.

HAMPTON, VA., Jan. 4, 1900.

THE BROOKLYN GUILD.

With full authority from the above, the undersigned wishes to inform our numerous friends, that the Christmas distribution of presents by the Guild on the evening of December 28th, 1899, was in every respect a success and eclipsed any of the previous entertainments of this nature given by the Guild, and the fact that a certain Manhattan writer tries in a mild way to be little us Brooklynites does us no harm.

Almost the entire lot of presents distributed were bought with funds out of the Guild's treasury, and the fact that the Guild made a clear profit of a little over thirty-eight dollars, ought to speak for itself.

No refreshments were advertised by the Guild, and in fact there would not have been time to partake of them, as it was 11 P. M. when the last of the presents had been distributed and auctioned off.

In conclusion, I beg leave to call the attention of the public to the honest manner in which the Brooklyn Guild did its share of the work at the late excursion given by the New York and Brooklyn Guilds in combination last summer, and we wish to call chairman Jones, attention to the fact that we are still waiting an accounting for a number of tickets said by Mr. Abrams to have mysteriously disappeared. Time will not bridge over the matter. And we are still waiting for a settlement, and shall hold the New York Guild responsible for the loss, as per agreement, Mr. Jones was willing that the loss of the tickets in the hands of the New York members of the committee should be borne by the New York Guild.

While the writer, as well as one or two other members of the Brooklyn Guild, found themselves in the end short of two or three tickets, they made good the deficiency out of their own pockets.

Truly yours,
LEO. GREIS.



DEAF AGENTS

"GOOD MONEY"

Selling the handsome illustrated 32-page booklet, "The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language." They sell at 15 cents each, and interest hearing or deaf people old or young. Our agents say "they sell like hot cakes." Write for free circular with terms to agents and testimonials. The booklet mailed postpaid to any address for 15 cents. AGENTS WANTED. Conn. Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

PHILADELPHIA

A Lecture that was Greatly Enjoyed

RECEPTION TO MRS. HEYMAN.

Notes by the Wayside.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

Mr. Robert McGregor, of Columbus, Ohio, lectured before the Clero Literary Association, on New Year's Day evening. His subject was "The Destruction of Jerusalem." He was greeted by an audience of some seventy-five deaf.

It was Mr. McGregor's first appearance before the Clero Literary Association, although he had been through Philadelphia a number of times before, and as he said himself, he was glad to meet the deaf this time.

His delivery, which was exceptionally clear, forcible, and dignified, made his subject yet more interesting. It occupied about an hour and a half, during all of which time he had the closest attention of those in attendance.

He was unanimously tendered a vote of thanks at the close, after which the deaf were given an opportunity to meet him.

Rev. O. J. Whitlin accompanied Mr. McGregor to this city from Baltimore, and the two left again the same evening for the Monumental City, from which place Mr. McGregor left for his Western home.

Mrs. M. J. Syle tendered a reception to Mrs. M. Heyman, of New York, at her home in Germantown, last Wednesday evening, January 3rd. The evening was very pleasantly spent. Refreshments were also served. Among those present were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Koehler, Mr. Edward Syle, Mr. Herbert D. Syle, Master Walter Syle, Miss Irene Syle, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Sharr, Miss Thomas Breen, (Mr. Breen being unavoidably prevented from attending.) Mrs. E. E. Roop and Master Albert Roop; Misses Mary L. Lentz, Dora Kintz, McKee, Miller, S. McKinney, Clara Ford, May Stemple, Eliza Loughbridge, and Amy Apprich; and Messrs. Wm. McKinney, R. M. Ziegler, E. C. Sullivan, J. A. McElvaine, R. E. Underwood and J. S. Reider.

The Public Ledger reported the following last week:

Policeman Seifridge, of the Lancaster Avenue Police station, last night found a deaf and dumb youth, who gave his name as George Lewis How, of New Ponce, Ohio, a destitute and half-frozen condition on the tracks of Pennsylvania Railroad at Fort-street Station. He claimed to be a police station. He claimed to be 37 years of age, though he did not look more than 15, and told the police a strange tale of his wanderings. He was run over by a railroad train on the Santa Fe Railroad at New Ponce three years ago, and had four ribs fractured, his jaw broken in three places, several teeth cut off and his left ear almost severed. As a result of his injuries he became deaf and dumb. He left New Ponce three months ago, intending to "beat his way" to New York, with the object of becoming a "detective" helper. The police treated the stranger kindly and made him comfortable for the night. He will be permitted to proceed on his way this morning.

Miss Katie Elsie celebrated her birthday by giving a party at her home on Saturday evening, 6th of January. Games and other amusements were indulged in, and an enjoyable time was had. An excellent supper was served to the guests before dispersing for their homes. There were about sixteen guests.

There was the usual good attendance at All Souls' last Sunday afternoon. Holy Communion was administered. Rev. Mr. Koehler made reference to the tenth anniversary of the death of his predecessor, Rev. H. W. Syle, and after the Bible Classes had finished the lesson for the day, simple commemorative exercises were held. They consisted in address by the Pastor, Mr. Reider, Miss Katie Keen, Mr. McKinney, and Mrs. Syle, the widow. After these, the favorite hymn of Mr. Syle, "Lead, kindly Light," was signed by Mrs. Syle, and the exercises closed with the Benediction by the Pastor.

Principal John P. Walker, of the New Jersey School, is booked to lecture before the Clero Literary Association on January 18th.

The question—"Are the Trust-public enemies, or a necessity?" was discussed by the members of the Clero Literary Association, last Thursday evening, 4th inst. Mr. Lipsett first presented both sides of the question, taking Messrs. Ingals and Hanna as his authorities, and then Messrs. Reider, Gunkel, Stevens, Underwood, Koenig and McKinney continued the discussion.

An affair in aid of the Catholic Deaf Mutes' Association, will be held at their hall, 732 Pine Street, on Monday evening, January 29th.

The prizes will be a bicycle, a book: "Voice of the Church," a ton of coal, and a gold ring. Tickets cost ten cents each, which we understand includes admission to the hall. An oyster supper will be served for a nominal sum. We

wish our Catholic friends an enjoyable and profitable evening.

Not many deaf were as lucky on Christmas as the four employed by the large hat manufacturing company of J. B. Stinson & Co. This company, the largest of its kind in this State, has made a reputation by its generosity to its employees. It employs several hundreds of hands, and all are remembered every Christmas time. The presents are distributed with due regard for merit. This year Mr. Joseph Mayer, Jr., received a turkey and five (5) shares of stock in the Company; Mr. John R. Ach got Ten (\$10.00) in cash; Mr. Wm. A. Miles was presented with a turkey, (not a little one, as our informant wanted us to note); and Mr. Edward Metzel, the youngest of the four, took \$2.50 in cash. Congratulations to all.

Miss Emma J. Shields, of Chester, is spending the winter in Florida. Mr. and Mrs. George B. Baker, of Berwick, who spent the holidays among relatives and friends here, left for home on January 2d. Mr. Baker works in a rolling mill, and hopes soon to own the house he lives in. Success to him.

Mr. D. C. Picard, Gallaudet, '99, was the guest of Ms. and Mrs. George T. Sanders during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Koenig and child spent Christmas week among relatives in New York City, returning on January 2d.

The members of the Catholic Deaf-Mutes' Association presented Mr. Michael Ryan with a suit of clothes, valued at \$25, as a token of regard. Mr. Ryan is the overseer of the Association.

Mrs. George W. Campbell, 1223 South B-nall Street, this city, would like to hear of the whereabouts of her cousin, James H. Purvis, a deaf-mute. He was last known to be in Colorado.

Frank Wagner, of Kirkwood, N. J., a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, visited the city during the holidays, after an absence of eleven years. He is a tin-roofer by occupation.

Miss A. B. Sheldy was confined to the house by a heavy cold last week.

Jan 8, '00

J. S. R.

The Silk Cotton Tree

The most remarkable tree on the island of New Providence is without question a specimen of the silk cotton (B-muhx eib) situated near the postoffice and prison. Growing from its trunk are half a dozen buttress-like extensions, as if to make a firm toting for its great spread of branches of 116 feet.

A little boy to whom I showed a photograph of it expressed his approval very well when he said the spaces between the buttresses would make fine horse stalls. The pods which grow on the tree contain a soft, silky material which the natives sometimes use for stuffing pillows. There are more of these trees, but none so large or old as this one, and we heard no estimate of its age.

It is a near relative of the monkey tamarind. Between this bombax and the library is an avenue of Spanish laurel, a member of the fig family—untidy and illegitimate trees, with a growth of roots hanging from their branches which never reach the ground. All these trees bear fruit, but the figs are small and unfit for eating.—E. G. Cummings in Popular Science Monthly.

Lying as a Disease.

"The liar is a much abused person," said a well-known local physician to a reporter last week. "The liar is not always to blame, and if you have any friends who are addicted to false representation of things, advise them to consult their doctors. There is hope for at least one class of liars. Medicine and medical methods are applicable to those who suddenly develop an abhorrence for the truth and lie on all occasions, even though the truth might better suit their purpose. This has come to be thought of only as a species of dementia that is oftentimes successfully treated."

"The malicious liar is a difficult problem, for he knows that he is telling a lie and there is no hope for him. But there are lots of people who just lie naturally, without knowing what they are saying or why they say it. The individual often has nothing whatever to accomplish by lying, but does so just as some people stutter. But, as I said before, he should not be blamed and frowned upon. His mind is unhealthy and his nervous system is out of order."

Rest, tonic and good nursing, often restore these people to their normal self, and then the love of rectitude returns, and they are effectually cured of a very embarrassing habit.—Washington Post.

WANTED—Honest man or

woman to travel for large house; salary \$65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope MANAGER, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago.

FANWOOD.

A Word or Two About Our Gymnasium.

EXPERT GYMNASTS OF BOTH SEXES.

The F. L. A. Meeting--Skating at the Parks.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A word or two about the gymnasium would perhaps interest JOURNAL readers, for already it has become a very important factor in education. Since its establishment its worth has been fully proven. Years before the "gym" was introduced, the advanced classes, particularly the High class, agitated the subject of a gymnasium with great zeal. Class after class graduated without having their hopes realized. At last, through the efforts of Principal Currier, the gymnasium became a reality, but it is a pity that those who worked the hardest to get it were not here to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

After the novelty of a thing has worn away, interest declines. The same rule was at first applied to the "gym" but experience has proved this an exception. Enthusiasm is kept up by the introduction of new features as often as possible. Physical Director Cook always has something new to arouse interest. Perhaps it is a new trick on the apparatus, something new in the calisthenic line, or a new game. By combining recreation, and one might say play, with the regular work, an interest has been established that will never die out.

During warm weather the gymnasium is usually abandoned for exercise out doors. When cold weather sets in, the real work begins. Every pupil is eager to attend the gymnasium exercise.

At the opening of school last fall, a new schedule was adopted whereby the girls had the use of the gymnasium for an hour and a half on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The junior division of boys on Mondays and Wednesdays, and the Senior division on Fridays. Both divisions remain in the gymnasium from 9 to 11.40, and 1 to 4, according to whether they are in school in the morning or afternoon. The routine for the boys is 30 minutes mass class work, calisthenics; one hour apparatus; one hour recreative games, etc. For the girls there are calisthenics and regular classes under leaders on apparatus work. Their execution of the exercises on the rings, horse, ladders, and mat work, would cause many a boy to hustle. The advanced class of girls have made the most remarkable progress, and their exhibition is the finest I have ever seen. They excel the hearing girls in everything they undertake, in gymnasium work. Occasionally a game of basket ball is arranged among the girls, and they show as much skill in the game as the boys. Indeed many a boy would feel ashamed of himself did he see how well those girls went through the exercises.

The work of the boys is of course interesting. The midgets, composed of boys about 4 feet high, fly around like a lot of grasshoppers on a midsummer day. These little fellows will undertake to do any trick they see Mr. Cook do, and will even risk their necks in the performance. The rivalry among them as to who is the best all-around gymnast is exceedingly lively, and Mr. Cook does all he can to encourage this spirit.

This week the Seniors had some new work cut out for them. I have witnessed contortionists at the circus, and thought their work rather difficult. Now, in the gymnasium we are not expected to be contortionists, but we were, last Friday, when we used the peak ladder. The work consists of crawling through alternate rungs, and when it is considered that each space is about one foot square, it will be seen that it is by no means easy. The writer tried it, and has not recovered yet. Although difficult, it is amusing, and these two things make every pupil the more eager to try.

A new feature, which properly belongs to the military drill, but in which we are receiving the introduction in the gymnasium is the exercise with the rifle, which is used much the same as a wand. Its utility lies in increasing the quickness in handling the weapon, besides adding much to ease and grace. The exercises are the same as are gone through by the United States army, and they were arranged by an officer of the regular army.

Partitioned off from the gymnasium is the office of the Physical Director. One part is used as an office and here is kept a fine set of anthropometric apparatus for use in physical examinations, which are held once every year. Around the office, are arranged photographs of almost every athletic team Fanwood has had. Back of the

Director's desk is his "den," where he has arranged tennis racquets, golfing sticks, boxing gloves, fencing foils, and athletic goods galore. A canopy of flags of all nations and a soft couch give the corner a luxurious appearance. In his spare moments, Mr. Cook thrums the banjo, and whether he is a good player or not, I cannot say.

Summing up, the value of the gymnastic work cannot be overestimated, for Fanwood has as healthy a set of youngsters as ever grew up in its halls.

Saturday evening, the male members of the Academic Class entertained the Fanwood Literary Association with a "Pot Pourri" of stories. The program opened with "Only a Subaltern," by John H. Keiser; "Miss Major Cushman and her Captors," Louis A. Cohen; "The Indians and the Mustard," Edward Rappoldt; "A Fortune in a Tin Can," William Renner; "The Lion of the North," Alfred Stern; "A Deaf-Mute Soldier," Emil Mayer. The program occupied about an hour, and was very much enjoyed by all.

The large lakes in New York and vicinity were thrown open to skaters last week. The red ball went up on the Central Park lakes, and as the cold weather continued the skating contingent here made ready. Friday the temperature went up several degrees and the outlook was discouraging, but on Saturday, Cadets Renner, Fink, Edmonston, Brewer, Berger, Schwartz and Witley, went up to Van Cortlandt Park and found the ice in fine condition.

The Christmas vacation closed last Wednesday, and by noon most of the pupils had returned. The little kids were pretty well loaded with bundles, and in the evening groups of them gathered around the fables intent on all sorts of games. The older ones passed the time chatting about how they spent the holidays. Those who remained here had a good time, of course.

The second term of the school year begins, and it has begun well, too. Principal Currier's sermon Sunday morning was very interesting, and occupied our close attention for about an hour. He laid much stress on the importance of beginning things well, and illustrated his sermon with a few very interesting experiences.

Monday morning the new programs for the term were issued. The changes made were not very many.

Efficacy of Olive Oil.

Medical authorities are generally agreed as to the value of olive oil medicinally, finding it also a potent agent for any defects of the excretory ducts, especially the skin. Eczema has rapidly disappeared upon a discontinuance of starch foods and the substitution of a diet of fresh and dried fruits, milk, eggs and olive oil. The beneficial effects of the latter, when thus taken in conjunction with a fruit diet, have frequently been remarked in respect to the hair, nails and scalp, supplying to the sebaceous glands the oily substance which they secrete when in a healthy condition, and the absence of which is the cause of debility of the hair, frequently ending in baldness.

It has been observed that those who treat olive oil as a common article of food and use it as such, are generally healthier and in better condition than those who do not, and its therapeutic and prophylactic properties are very favorably regarded by medical men. It is known to be destructive to certain forms of micro-organic life, and for the eradication of such from the system its internal use has been successfully resorted to.

LOST.—On the evening of Wednesday, December 27th, at the Christmas festival at St. Ann's, or in going to or from the church and 157th Street, West, a hat pin set in small Rhine stones; highly prized as a keepsake by the owner. The finder will be rewarded by sending it to the office of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

WANTED.—Honest man or woman to travel for large house; salary \$65 monthly and expenses, with increase; position permanent; inclose self-addressed stamped envelope, MANAGER, 330 Caxton bldg., Chicago.

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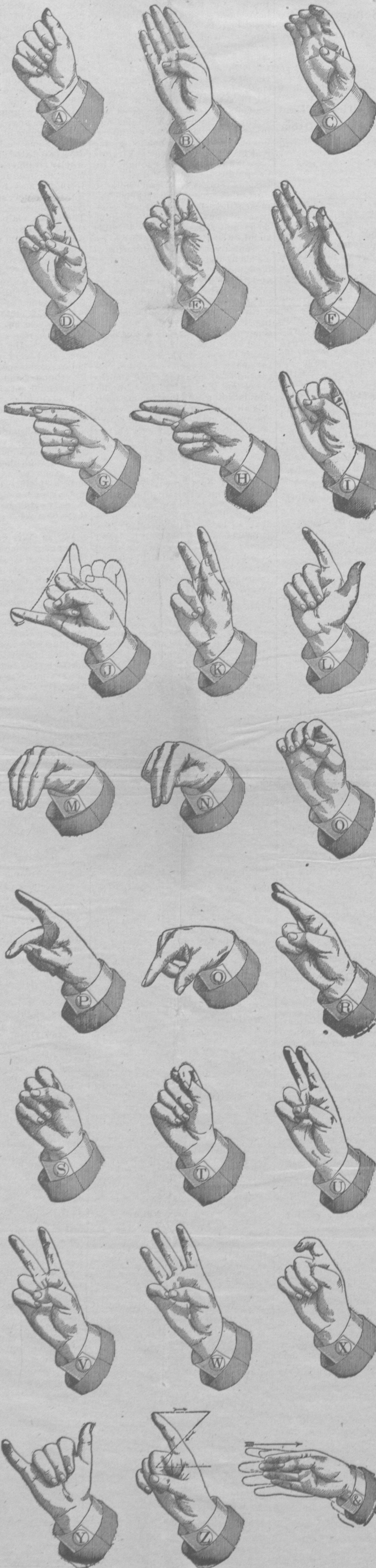
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Thursday, January 18, 1900

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